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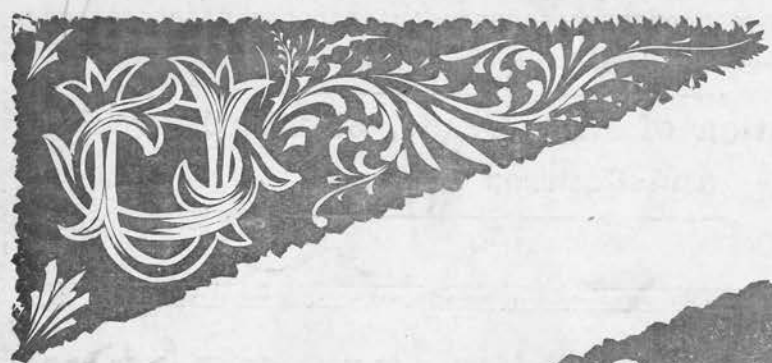
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J. A. Winland




Overbein Edgis

FEBRUARY NUMBER


1901

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Editorial

THE novelist has a wonderful opportunity for prejudicing the mind of his reader. Has he any particular hobby, does he wish to influence a certain class of people or is he desirous of molding public opinion, let him write a strong interesting novel and it is done. His power is peculiar yet none the less real. It comes from the very nature of his work.

The newspaper going as it does into every home has a power which cannot be denied it. The periodicals and magazines are great educators. Books on travel, history, science, philosophy, and poetry are indispensable to the cultured man, yet the novel beats them all in its own particular field. The former are influential because they endeavor to inform, to state facts, to search for truth, and for this

reason their power is deserved. We recognize their value and so we use them. All this can be said of the novelist, but that is not all. He can use the truth and it is powerful; but he is not limited to its use. He can be biased, onesided, partial and still have a host of believers. He can distort the truth, twist it out of shape so that the wisest would not recognize it, and yet it would be credible. He can take falsity, weave it into a nice story and it has all the earmarks of truth.

He can make up an exciting plot, you get interested, you get worked up over certain characters or incidents and the first thing you know you are accepting, actually believing a lot of distorted, exaggerated truth which in a saner, calmer mood you would not even allow to come into the threshold of the mind. When the novelist wishes to make you believe any certain thing he suppresses all the bad phases and gives undue prominence to the good and then at the same time he shows up the opposite side in its worst form, suppressing the good and exaggerating the bad. So then it can be easily seen that the novelist, provided he is a skillful one, can load upon an unsuspecting public whatever opinion he desires whether it be sociological, religious, moral, economic, or social.

DID it ever strike you what method means in doing anything? i. e. did the idea ever overcome you and take full possession of you? Did you ever stop, you busy student, to consider what habit and system may mean? what possibilities they hold? By doing things in the right way and right time, both quality and quantity of doing is increased. What if

the carpenter would put the pieces of his building together as recklessly as we put together the hours of our day; suppose the coils of the electric motor were wound haphazard, either direction or both directions; strike the keys of the piano at random; imagine the earth, sun, and moon drifting through space, following no law, obeying no rule, and you may be struck then, with the possibilities of order and of disorder.

But there is something more, better, let us say, than even method. The notes of the handorgan may be methodical, precise, perfect in their execution, yet how different from the music of Bethoven. It is this power to rise superior to method that marks the genius from the ordinary person. He is free from the law; is a law unto himself, has supreme contempt for the fetters of tradition,—using rule and method simply as means; has the boldness to put himself into the work and stamp it with his own life. We study climaxes, figures of speech, rhetorical pauses, and fondly hope to be orators; a man with a message from the heart speaks in simple words and few and the world listens.

We rush hither and thither to admire nature, rhapsodize over Italian sunsets, map out our journeys by the book and say, "To-morrow we shall see Paris, the next day we shall admire the Alps, then we shall fall under the mystic spell of castles in Spain, next—etc." Also, we cannot see nature through a guide book or learn to love beautiful scenery because it is the fashion. If we can not admire to-morrow's sunrise, we can not rightly feel the grandeur of Niagara. If we put ourselves into our work, if we do things not because others do them, not because it is a habit, but because our very nature requires it of us, we shall do something then that we need not be ashamed of. If we do our work like a machine, we shall be nothing more than machines, but if we have our work on our heart and our heart in our work, we shall live in all that we do.

The Anglo-Saxon Triumvirate

E. A. SANDERS, '02

IN reviewing the lives and deeds of three of the greatest men of our times, it is expedient to turn our thoughts backward along the flight of time, to that point whence their true relationship and brotherhood may be discerned, and their deeds compared with those of other great characters of history.

Far back in the misty dawn of history there dwelt in the regions about the lower end of the Caspian Sea a people peculiarly different from the surrounding nomad tribes. Here amid the fertile plains and rich valleys of Bactria and Margiana some mighty father, some ancient patriarch, founded the Aryan race, and though he be unknown to us by name, yet he has left upon our brows his eternal stamp, the seal of progress. In this region of unsurpassed fertility, often chosen as the location of the Garden of Eden, the Aryan race developed, and blessed with a diversified climate acquired here those qualities which so strongly differentiate the inhabitants of the temperate zone from their southern brethren. Strong are the influences of that early home, the laws and customs of those ancient council fires still have their force; its language lives anew in a dozen tongues the proudest the world can boast; and even its nursery tales are retold to-day by mothers of many lands. But as their numbers increased and grew they crowded each other, and some must go to seek new homes in the lands beyond. Pushing across Asia Minor, they poured over Europe in four great inundations, peopling it with four distinct races the two greatest of which, the Teutonic and Graeco-Italic I wish especially to notice.

A most pleasing picture is that of the Greek migration as they made their way from isle to isle o'er the blue Aegean or journeyed in picturesque caravans around the northern coast. Settling then on the shores of sunny Hellas these ancient warriors commenced anew a

mighty work, the founding of a race. Both bold and brave, their legends are filled with the deeds of heroes and the conflicts of the gods. Then as time drew on and stern History laid her ruthless hand on the fancies of olden years, a people, cultured, of exquisite taste and æsthetic nature, within whose breasts the fire of liberty burned with increasing ardor, stepped forth upon the field of action. Thermopilæ, Marathon, the Parthenon, Phidias, Socrates, Demosthenes, these gems are but a handful gathered from the great treasure-house of their civilization.

But let us glance at the Italian branch and sketch their progress through all these years. The narrow Adriatic was but a small obstacle to these hardy adventurers from the Caucasus, and the middle of the eighth century B. C. finds them firmly established in central Italy with Rome already founded, destined to become the mistress of the world. Two hundred and fifty years of regal rule were succeeded by a like period of republican, internal conquest, consolidation and improvement, and Rome vigorous in its growth and strength stands forth as a world power ready to grapple with its problems. A hundred years of conquest and expansion, subjugation and exaltation, and the Roman arms and the Roman name were renowned throughout all the world. But now begins a change; gradually the wealth of foreign conquest sapped their energies and debased their minds. Patriotism was thrown to the winds and private avarice ruled. Great leaders arose and factions were formed on every hand, the bloody proscriptions of Marius and Sulla cast a blot upon the nation's history. And now three men are prominent upon the scene. In the west, was Caesar, engaged in campaigns in Gaul and Spain and with the immense popularity gained by him as Aedle through his lavish expenditures to please the people; in the east, Pompey fresh from his victories over the vast horde of Mediterranean pirates and Mithridates the Great; and at the capitol, Crassus ever conciliating the people by his marvelous wealth. Their further move-

ments are well known, all were ambitious, each was desirous of ruling alone. This being impossible, at a conference at Luca an agreement was reached by which they should join their powers, the genius of Caesar, the renown of Pompey and the wealth of Crassus for their mutual advantage.

Grand as were the allurements of this inviting prospect its glory was short lived. For within a few brief years, Crassus having been killed in an unprovoked war against the Parthians and the restraining factor being thus removed, Caesar and Pompey were arrayed against each other. Their forces meeting on the Plains of Pharsalia, in the fierce conflict which ensued, the flower of the Roman army was slain, and Pompey himself fleeing to Egypt was assassinated and his severed head presented to Caesar. But the conqueror enjoyed but little the fruits of his victory; while in the zenith of his glory, struck down by the foul hand of an assassin, he perished.

Such was the end of the first triumvirate, a coalition, grand, powerful, important, possessed of a certain type of dignity and far-reaching in its effects but despotic, selfish, illegal, proud and subservient to private ambition rather than public good. Founded upon such principles it could have but one end, one brief period of exaltation, then the terrific plunge into ignominy and oblivion.

The downfall of the first triumvirate was the beginning of the end. Rolling steadily downward to the plane of barbarism, the world passed through that dark vale known as the Middle Ages. Its beginning marks the settlement in England, of a part of the Angles and Saxons emigrating from the north coast of Germany. Its end marks the discovery of America, that land wherein the greatest Anglo-Saxon republic the world has ever known, was presently to be planted.

Three hundred years have passed away and the first quarter of the nineteenth century looks out upon troublous times: Germany, a collection of petty, warring states debased by the horrors of the thirty years' war; England torn

by internal strife and dissension and blessed with an almost imbecile king; and America bound in the chains of slavery, on the verge of the most terrible crisis of her history. But See! On the horizon of history gleams three tiny lights, God's stars of hope to his chosen race. Though small at first through infancy and youth, with maturer years and increased wisdom they blaze forth with a brilliancy far o'ershadowing all opponents.

In every epoch of time, whether ancient or modern, there are those who stand forth towering above their fellows, around the brightness of whose genius cluster the lesser lights like the stars around the moon. Such were Bismarck, Gladstone, and Lincoln—the Anglo-Saxon triumvirate of the nineteenth century. Preeminent in their respective countries, these princes of the Aryan race, these champions of liberty, proved themselves worthy to be entrusted with the destinies of the race.

Born in the year 1815, six years the junior of his famous contemporaries, Edward Otto von Bismarck spent the early years of his life in education and development. An honored graduate of the University of Gottingen, he seemed, from this time on, to have had one fixed purpose in life, one ambition, one desire—the unification of Germany. Every action, every move of his long political career brought him one step nearer the coveted goal. Entering as *Asculator* the lowest office in the government, his wisdom and skill carried him steadily forward through each succeeding honor and dignity, until having bestowed on him the Chancellorship of the German Empire for forty years, it could do no more. His marvelous wisdom and foresight, which made him the wonder of all, were only equaled by his great statesmanship and diplomacy. Stern and dignified, unwavering and resolute, he seemed to some cold and haughty, but his sternness was only the dignity of the mighty empire he represented and his resoluteness was but the persistency of an unfaltering genius. Now a radical, now a liberal, now a conservative, he followed each as it most nearly

coincided with his views. So great was his statesmanship, so accurate his prophecies, that the whole German nation revere with a reverence amounting almost to awe The Iron Chancellor.

William Ewart Gladstone! Ah! here is a name dear to many an English heart. Born in the year 1809, of humble parentage but noble worth, this man of sterling genius achieved that success of all successes, a noble, useful, life. Carefully trained at Eton and Oxford, he entered upon the duties of life fully equipped, but not without a tinge of conservatism. Eighteen years of parliamentary life under Sir Robert Peel served but to polish and enhance his learning and culture already great. A modern Elisha upon the death of his Elijah this wonderful man rapidly assumed the mantle and place of his master. Skillfully he guided the ship of state over the treacherous shoals of internal dissensions, reconciling the warring factions and promulgating bills for the good of both. Just and lenient in his colonial policy, the shameful wars of a politician's trickery were far beneath his dignity. His achievements were marvelous, statesman, orator, author, parliamentarian, citizen of the world, all of these and and more claim as their best example The Great Commoner. The spring, summer, and autumn of life saw his character bud, bloom, and grow to the full sweetness of maturity. With "Peace on earth, good will to men" as the keynote of his life he strove with all the strength of his mighty power to fulfill its meaning. Of all the glory of the matchless reign of the British queen one-half may justly be claimed by The Grand Old Man.

And now we are come to Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln. What can we say of him? Have we exhausted all our praises? Are there none left? Nay! Nay! Words fail to express the immortal glory of his name. But, knowing that I speak to those who love him, and trusting to you to supply the missing parts in the picture which I weakly try to paint, I offer my pittance of praise. Born and reared in frontier homes from boyhood up, he lived in contact

with men and things, not as Bismarck and Gladstone, with words and theories. Stronger and richer thereby his character was distinguished as someone says by "that peculiar almost indescribable quality of clearness or truth, that quality which in the physical man appears as health, in the moral structure as honesty, in the mental constitution as sagacity, and in the region of active life as common sense. Add to this freshness, vigor, geniality, strength, dignity, integrity, unequaled adaptability, glorified simplicity, supreme trust in God, and a heart so great that it could include all mankind in its kindly glow of love, and you have a few of those qualities which shall forever make the name of Lincoln to be revered. If ever a man was the true exponent of his time and people, that man was Lincoln. All the spirit, all the vigor, all the restless energy of the American nation breathed forth in his pure life. In its purity and simplicity, in its long preparation and marvelous achievements, in its gentle spirit and tragic end, it may well be compared—I say it reverently—with another life, that sinless life of the Man of Galilee.

Says Lowell:

Nature they say doth dote,
And cannot make a man,
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote.

For him, her Old World molds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from out the breast
Of the unexhausted West.

From stuff untainted shaped a hero new
Wise, steadfast in strength of God, and true.


Thus these three men Bismarck, Gladstone, and Lincoln each in his own country and way, labored for the peace and prosperity of the world. A triumvirate of noble hearts with whose purposes, worth and achievements the Roman is not to be compared. But of these our own beloved Lincoln stands first. Of humbler origin than either Bismarck or Gladstone, he rose in the zenith of his glory far above them; without the advantages of a college education he showed himself possessed of a more consummate genius than either. In so much as the welfare of all humanity is greater

than a single nation's good, in so much is his work greater than theirs. Bismarck was just, Gladstone was kind, but Lincoln was love. Bismarck was revered, Gladstone was loved, but Lincoln was the idol of his nation. Bismarck was a statesman, Gladstone was premier, but Lincoln was the savior of his people, the emancipator of a race.

And now down through the vistas of the years yet to come there abideth the memory of three great men Bismarck, Gladstone, and Lincoln, these three, but the greatest of these is Lincoln.

Joseph Jefferson.

W. K. COONS, '04

HAT genial soul with glad heart and merry voice! Do you know him? Have you heard that voice that seems at one moment to ring with laughter and at the next to be full of tears? Have you heard him saying, "Here's your good health and your family's and may you live long and prosper?" If you have heard the voice then you have seen the man with his genial face, with his charming manner, and with that wonderful something that we call magnetism or personality, but which, in reality, is sympathy—the strong sympathy that comes from a human being who has a heart full of loving kindness, and who unconsciously extends this loving kindness to every human thing he meets. Do you know him?

Perhaps it was not as "Rip Van Winkle" that you met this dear old gentleman. Perhaps as jolly, laughing, mirth-provoking "Bob Acres," or as that most beautiful character of all, gentle "Caleb Plummer," kindly picturing to the world that, eventually goodness is recognized and the good are made happy. In whatever light you have seen him, on the stage or off, he must have impressed upon you his wonderful character and individuality.

He is not a member of that class of men

who go around poking their noses into the pessimistic side of every question, making themselves and everyone around them unhappy. Far from it. If it rains, he is glad it is not snowing, and if it snows, he is thankful it is not raining. This contented nature was Joseph Jefferson's only inheritance; but it was better than millions of dollars, for nothing could rob him of it.

But we must not imagine that while he always looks on the bright side of every question, and takes things just as the God of Nature sends them, that he is naturally of a slow or idle disposition. He is anything but this. The most remarkable quality in Joseph Jefferson's character is his wonderful energy. No time in his life is wasted. While acting is of the greatest interest to him, still he is a fine painter. He understands art in its many branches, and throws his soul into whatever he may be doing. This great energy is shown by the fact that although sixty-nine years of age, he enters into his work with a zeal and vim that would do credit to a far younger man. This great tenacity of purpose and indomitable will, coupled with his big loving soul and kind congenial manner, have won for him admiration, in the hearts of all those who know him.

The great personality and love of Joseph Jefferson are shown by the wonderful influence he has over his home and family life. This home life is the ideal one of Mr. Jefferson's. It is full of wholesome happiness and it keeps every one in it growing younger instead of older each year. A happier family or more congenial colony could not be found. All are interested in everything that is artistic and beautiful, and every one loves in a reverential way, the head of the household. Mr. Jefferson is first of all hospitable; and to be surrounded by his friends as part of his household fills his heart with joy. Can you paint this picture? Then can you see Joseph Jefferson, the great artist, the dignified man, the loving husband and father, the good friend and pleas-

ant acquaintance seated at his home, surrounded by all those he loves, those who are his dearest friends, fondling the youngest member of the Jefferson family, who is just one year old? Can you help admiring this picture and the wonderful character who is the concentrating influence of it?

Have you ever seen this beautiful character? If you have not you are unfortunate; if you have, you have seen the man who has made millions laugh and millions cry, the man with a soul so full of love and devotion for his fellow-man, the jolly, laughing, energetic, life invigorating Joseph Jefferson. If Mr. Jefferson lives, as we all hope he will, to be a thousand, he will never be an old man. His life is too full of interest and of work. He is too sympathetic ever to become really old. Is it not good for such a man to have lived? All the world is better for it, and truly we can say for him, as he has said so many thousand times for us, "May you live long and prosper."

Modern Bridge Building

E. J. LESHER, '05

TO say when the first bridge was built would be a hopeless task, for the date is wrapped in darkest obscurity in the long past ages of antiquity. The building of these structures stands among the oldest of engineering accomplishments. But although bridge building is an old art, it has not kept pace with the other branches of architecture.

Indeed, during the past twenty-five years, it has made more progress than in all its previous history, and during this time, it has attained a perfection and final standard that is comparable with the progress of architecture through all the centuries since the time of the Pyramid builders.

Previous to 1840, the principal materials used were wood and stone, and the structures were necessarily heavy and rough, and could only be made to span short distances. It re-

mained for the engineer of the nineteenth century to bring bridge-building to that grade of perfection where it is likely to rest for a time at least, for it seems that further development is well nigh impossible.

The greatest factor in this advance has been the improvement in the manufacture of steel and its use in this branch of construction. In the structure of a bridge, the steel must be exceedingly strong, tough, and elastic and every piece, no matter how minute, must pass a careful test and chemical examination before it is allowed to take its place.

The condition and circumstances surrounding the erection of any two bridges are never the same. Each bridge must be taken as a separate engineering feat rather than a common part of the profession. There are in nearly all cases, difficulties that are almost insurmountable.

When a bridge is to be built, it is necessary first to make a very accurate survey of the site; after which the bridge is built up on paper piece by piece. It is then necessary that an almost endless amount of figuring and estimating be done. The strength and elasticity of each part must be computed. The structure must be so built that the weight of each span will rest with equality upon the abutments. Calculations and allowances must be made for the expansion and contraction of the steel owing to the change of seasons. It must also be estimated to the most minute fraction of an inch how much the span will deflect under the strain of one or twenty locomotives. Not until this has been done is a single part of the bridge constructed; but when the estimating has been finished and the plans made and sent to the structural department of the steel company, then, and not until then, does the manual labor begin. It may be of interest here to note how the parts of a great bridge are made.

After the plans have been prepared by the draughtsmen in the company's offices, duplicated several times and copies are given to the different officials under whose supervision the work is to be done; the plans are first turned

over to the lay-outs, who have the untrimmed beams, bars, and plates which have been previously made at the rolling mills. Guided by the measurements given in the plans, they proceed to mark each separate piece of steel, using chalk lines and soap stone to make the lines and highly tempered steel dies to make rivet holes.

When each piece is thus marked it goes to the shears and saws to be dressed. The shears are immense hydraulic affairs which will cut through a bar of steel six inches in thickness with as much ease as an ordinary pair of scissors will cut paper. The saws which are used to cut the massive steel bars are no less wonderful. After the pieces have been cut to the required sizes they are sent to the punches. These are also hydraulic machines. The plate, or beam as the case may be, is placed upon a rolling table, manipulated by a lever, which carries it into position under the die, a lever is pulled and the apertures are made at a remarkably rapid rate. When the plates are too thick for this method the drill press is called into use. These machines are operated by electricity, and are capable of boring a hole of any desired size.

After the rivet holes and openings have been thus made, the material is turned over to the fit-ups, who collect the various parts constituting a certain beam, column or bar, and by means of immense electric cranes carry them across the shop to their place of duty where they proceed to do their work. By means of chain blocks and pneumatic hoists, they put the pieces into position, and after giving them several coats of plumbago at the joints to prevent rusting, they bolt them together. A bolt is not placed in every opening, but one bolt to every dozen holes generally suffices.

After the parts have been bolted together, the rivet holes are reamed to a diameter of one-sixteenth of an inch greater than that of the intended rivets. This is unusually done by a pneumatic drill operated by two men. After being thus prepared the subject of our labors is ready for the riveting machines. Of these there are different models, some are stationary

and others moveable. The commonest type is shaped somewhat like a huge horse shoe, and is suspended by an adjustable chain from an overhanging truck which is operated by means of a chain in the hands of an assistant whose business it is to keep the machine in the proper position. In the paws of the machine, which correspond to the heels of the horse shoe, are steel dies each having a semi-spherical depression, the exact shape of a rivet head, when the power is turned of the paws contract and compress the red hot steel.

The power for riveting is furnished through a long wire-bound hose which conducts compressed air from a central station to all parts of the shop. The rivets are heated to a white heat in a coke furnace and a man is kept continually busy in throwing rivets to the machine and in replacing cold ones to be heated. When a column is ready to rivet, the chain-puller puts the machine as near as possible to the proper place, the heater throws out a sizzling white rivet which the sticker seizes in his tongues and puts in the opening, the bucker puts the upper die of the machine on the rivet, the riveter pulls the lever, the jaws contract, a sharp hissing sound and the rivet has been driven. This series of operation has occupied about two or three seconds of time and is thus continued day and night throughout the entire year. When the piece has been rivetted it is sent to the milling machine where its ends are squared or mitred, and made true.

During all these processes, there have been inspectors, representing both the Bridge Co., and the corporation for which the bridge is being built, carefully scrutinizing every process, and not a single flaw escapes their watchful eyes. After the piece has been passed and marked O. K. by the chief inspector it is given a coat of plumbago, marked and placed in the yard from whence it is shipped, perhaps to the other side of the earth to span some hitherto impassable gorge or canon. When the bridge, in the form of several train loads of rods, bars, braces, girders, columns, and boxes of rivets, reaches its destination, it is unloaded in the

most convenient place. Nevertheless the problem of handling all these various parts becomes one of appalling difficulty. By the marks it is known to just what position each and every piece belongs.

In the raising of the bridge the chief difficulties are to be encountered. The most simple way of erecting the superstructure is to build an immense falsework upon which the bridge parts are assembled. This is an engineering feat of no small magnitude and cost, for the structure is called upon to bear immense strains and in dimensions surpasses our famous Chicago skyscrapers. The foundation is made by driving piles into the river bed, upon which towers are built of massive squared timbers. Upon the top of the structure wide steel tracks are placed, upon which is manipulated a gigantic tower of wood or steel, called a traveler. This contrivance does the heavy work of the erection. Its booms and tackles operated by hoisting machinery, swing the great steel parts into position for riveting. In cases of this kind the bridge is commenced at one side of the stream and piece by piece is lifted into position and riveted until the opposite side is reached. Every part has its place and everything fits with clock-like precision.

In many cases, however, owing to various reasons, it is impossible to erect a falsework. Then the bridge is built from each side simultaneously and made to support its own weight until the two sections are joined in the middle. The most spectacular as well as the most hazardous operation connected with bridge erection is the assembling of a span of bridge on shore and then floating it into position. This has been successfully accomplished in different cases.

By no means the least interesting factor in modern bridge construction is the men who do the manual labor. Their experiences in mid-air seem to make them entirely indifferent to their elevated surroundings and they often perform feats which to the spectator far below on terra-firma seem extremely hazardous, yet are to the performer mere homly

occurrences to which he pays no attention.

Lately owing to the rapid advancement of art, bridge-building has become a specialized calling. To become a bridge-builder in this day requires much hard faithful study and experience. And the successful builder as well as the designer of the structure deserve a high place in the list of our great engineers.

Adventure

ORA MAPWELL, '04

A JUNE day, Paradise, one might almost say the borderland of heaven. Woodland songsters warbling forth nature's praises in notes of gladness are causing the welkin to ring with the fullness of their joyous lives. Sunshine is glancing on the gently moving leaves as the June zephyrs waft them in their gentle breezes. Through the depths of this grand old forest flows musically the waters of the well named and beautiful stream, Clearfork.

Follow it in its devious ways until a sound as of falling water reaches the ear. What a cadence of beautiful poetical inspiring notes. Now eagerly hasten forward and gaze on the picturesque Hemlock Falls, a diminutive Niagara. How gracefully it glides over the smoothly worn edge, now boisterously playing over the impeding rocks it plashes into its own well worn basin below.

Who would not learn the ways of Truth from nature's own teachers? Fully in harmony with the divine touch of nature's God through the simple teachings of her elements Max Gordon and Doris Montieth advance toward the brink of the waterfall fully appreciating in their magnanimous souls the wonderful and hidden mysteries unraveled to them by their own full pure hearts. They were students of an eastern college and were home spending their summer vacation.

On this particular day they had come with a party of their own old home associates to

enjoy the beauties of Hemlock Falls and whatever pleasure presented itself. They had driven about twelve miles in the early morning. It being such an ideal June day everyone was at the height of good feeling and ready to enjoy to the fullest extent the day before them. Thus we find these two enjoying this beautiful scene.

The remainder of the party were busily taking care of vehicles and the baggage so necessary for a gala day among the rocks.

Doris Montieth was saying, "Well who would ever think that this had been the abiding place of the Red man and that Captain Pipe, his daughter Lilly and their friends were once admitted into a cave behind that sheet of water."

Her companion replies, "It does seem strange that only a few years ago that all happened and now there is scarcely a trace of the cave left."

Here they were joined by their companions and this ended their "eppissoddin" as Samantha says. A general conversation took place common to a group of merry hearted fun-loving Americans.

The forenoon was spent in a body, exploring the wonders of the place. Many ejaculations of pleasure escaped from admiring lips as they came upon a romantic nook, a sheltered cave or balanced rock. When the dinner hour arrived all were ready to enjoy the bountiful repast invitingly spread on Mother Earth's lap. Good cheer, good appetites and sparkling wit reigned supreme during this hour of hours. When all were satisfied with the good things the lunch baskets received the fragments except the crumbs which were generously left to their feathered friends and the broken wish bones for the hungry dwellers of the forest.

Various were the after dinner pursuits. Some enjoyed notes of music from the mandolin and guitar. Some in spite of that old maxim, "A fool's name is like his face found in every public place," were diligently striving

to carve their names as high as possible on the great stone wall before them. A part of them went on an expedition to Eagle Rock, about a quarter of a mile distant, a very high and overhanging rock that commanded a beautiful view of the surrounding country.

Last of all but not least Max Gordon and Doris Montieth directed their steps in among the caves and crevices in search of a geological specimen which they were both eager to find. They were armed with a little pocket lamp of Max Gordon's, he also carried a hammer and chisel to carve their names in a selected place.

Max Gordon was familiar with the grounds and knew of a certain cave over which hung a perilously poised rock and in this he knew was to be found this particular geological specimen for which they were hunting. He was telling Doris Montieth of this cave and dangerous over hanging rock.

She was an adventurous spirit and at once desired to go and visit the cave and search for this treasure. He remonstrated with her but in vain, and they were soon on their way; not without a few misgivings however.

The place was farther than she anticipated yet they went merrily on in their quest discussing as they went the question common and so interesting to both. At last they arrived at the cave and admired the beauty and grandeur of its surroundings, apparently forgetting the danger that made it the more enticing to explore. They were soon in the midst of their search and were about to be rewarded, for their sharp eyes discovered in a crevice the coveted stone. It was wedged in between the rocks just a little too far and too tightly to be gotten at the first attempt. How were they to get it out was the question. A happy thought struck Max Gordon. He would extricate it with his hammer and chisel. Soon he was busily pounding away cutting it out of the rock before him.

Both were so engrossed in the proceedings that they did not notice the giving away of the

huge rock above them till a vehement blow from Max Gordon's hammer gave the crowning impetus. A rumbling, cracking noise was heard and glancing upward, in an instant they grasped the situation. Quick as thought he commanded her to crouch near the opposite wall while he gained as soon as possible a more dangerous yet the safest position to be had. The crash came. All was still and dark. The rushing wind extinguished the lamp. An anxious inquiry from Max Gordon found Doris Montieth unhurt. It however fared differently with him; his hand was caught and wedged between the falling rocks holding him fast. With his free hand he found a match in his pocket and they relighted the lamp. Now as they regarded the situation both looked grave yet hopeful.

Had he his hand free they might have with their combined strength moved the rock so as to have been able to escape. But such was not the case. To call would be useless as they were too far away from the rest. They had to submit in a way and let Fate work it out in her own good time.

The company of young people were to leave at 3:30 for Lyon's Falls several miles distant. It was past the time and all was in readiness to start but no Max Gordon nor Doris Montieth came. Many were the conjectures as to their whereabouts till at last it grew so late that a search was instigated. The search continued but they were not to be found. At last they became alarmed and Dick Newberry, Max's friend, remembered of him speaking about this cave and at once started on a run for it. Arriving and finding out the cause and results he returned for the rest of his companions. At once they were en route en masse for the fateful spot. With their combined strength and repeated efforts the rock was removed.

Doris as you know was unhurt and Max's hand was very much bruised but no bones broken. All rejoicing returned to the conveyances. Max Gordon's hand was carefully bound and the happy thankful party proceeded homeward. Suffice it to say that

many pleasure trips were participated in by these two young people during their summer vacation but none were so eventful as the day at Hemlock Falls.

In the fall they returned to college life but he led her on no more perilous expeditions for a geological specimen, but perhaps later in life he directed her in a more interesting and enticing subject than is here my purpose to relate.

Alumni

Ida Mauger, '96, is a student in the Cincinnati College of Music.

Mrs. Nettie Alexander, '98 music, was here visiting Miss Ola Rogers recently.

F. A. Anderson, '00, entered Case, Cleveland, at the beginning of the year. He takes special work in chemistry.

S. R. Seese, '00, is doing splendid work at Johnstown, Pa. At a revival several were united with the church. He is well remembered in religious circles at Otterbein.

L. D. Bonebrake, '82, State Commissioner of Common Schools, visited his father last week. He showed his appreciation of the Farmers' Institute by giving them an instructive talk.

R. H. Wagoner, '92, principal of the Academic Department, spent two weeks at French Springs, Ind., recuperating his health. He has returned to his duties much invigorated by his outing.

T. G. McFadden, '94, who has been taking post graduate work at Harvard, visited friends recently at O. U. He has been compelled to discontinue his collegiate work the remainder of the year on account of ill health.

Geo. S. Graham, '00, has had splendid success on his charge in Allegheny conference.

On January 6th a nice church was dedicated at Phillipsburg, Pa. Over \$2000 were received at the dedication. A great spirit of church unity was manifest as large sums were given by other churches. We are glad to welcome such news from one just out of college.

T. J. Sanders, '78, attended the Teachers' Association of Green county at Xenia on Feb. 9th. He gave a lecture at the afternoon session on "The Nature and End of Education." He also had an interesting discussion on Psychology with a post graduate student of Chicago University, who had been a pupil of Mr. Dewey, the writer of our present textbook on Psychology.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

Mrs. Nellie Lowry, our state secretary, spent the last week of January with our association. She conducted two services each day and, although the results were not all we had hoped for, much good seed was sown.

The reports of the state convention of 1900 are in the hands of the association at this writing. Our own report compares favorably with those of other schools, but there is yet room for improvement.

Mrs. Nellie Lowry entertained the girls of the Senior class at her home the evening of February 1st. She gave a very helpful talk on the responsibilities of the graduate when she leaves college.

Miss Leila Guitner, a graduate of this college and present secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of Jamestown, N. Y., talked to the girls the evening of February 6th. The hour with her was very well spent.

The girls of the Association have been holding daily prayer meetings since Mrs. Lowry's visit.

Programs

CLEIORHETEAN SENIOR SESSION, FEB. 14

Address	Modern Languages
	Ola D. Rogers
Piano Duet—Witches' Flight.....	H. M. Russell
	Maybelle Coleman, Rosadee Long
Original Poem.....	Nineteen-One
	N. Faith Linard
Violin Solo—Fifth Air.....	Dancla
	Jessie Banks
Shall the Integrity of China be Preserved?	
	Carolyn D. Lambert
Shall the Integrity of China be Preserved?	
	Katharine Barnes
Vocal Solo—When the Heart is Young.....	Dudley Buck
	Mary Iva Best
Senior Paper.....	Grace Allen
Vocal Duet—My Love Will Come to Me..	G. W. Marston
	N. Faith Linard, Mary Iva Best
	Miscellaneous Business
Senior Chorus—May Bells.....	W. Bargiel

ORATORICAL CONTEST, FEB. 9

Piano Duet.....	Il Trovatore, No. 3
	Jessie E. Banks, Vida Shauck
The Anglo-Saxon Triumvirate.....	E. A. Sanders
War.....	A. W. Whetstone
College Medley.....	Philophronean Quartet
	L. M. Barnes, F. H. Remaley,
	I. W. Howard, H. U. Engle
Undeveloped Resources.....	C. M. Bookman
America's Place in the Twentieth Century....	U. M. Roby
Music	Selected
	Philomathean Orchestra
	Decision of Judges

Raymond Milan, a native of Porto Rico, sent here by the U. B. Mission Board, will soon enter school.

Locals

Supt. Gruver, of Worthington, was here Jan. 26.

Snyder and Bushong would like to know who sent those valentines.

I. S. Barnes, Rushville, was the guest of his brothers and sisters recently.

G. B. Kirk enjoyed his spare days between semesters here shaking hands.

The business men and a good number of private citizens now have telephones.

The pastor of the Evangelical church was with us at chapel service on Feb. 1st.

Prof. Wagoner returned Saturday, Feb. 9th, and we are glad to say that he has improved much.

The Star Club, with some of its most confidential friends took a sleighride on Saturday evening, Jan. 26.

Messrs. Trump and Oldt, also Professors Scott and Miller had charge of Prof. Wagoner's classes in his absence.

High Quality and Low Price were never on such good speaking terms as they are here.

J. W. MARKLEY.

The local oratorical contest was held in the college chapel on Saturday, Feb. 9. U. M. Robey, '01, will be Otterbein's representative at the state contest.

The W. C. T. U. conducted union services on Sunday evening, Jan. 27, at the Methodist church. Mrs. Richard gave a soul stirring talk to young men.

Miss Louise Crockett gave a birthday taffy party, Jan. 30th, on arriving at her —teenth birthday. The guests, who were the Star Club and a few friends, report a jolly time.

The C. E. society, assisted by the Junior Endeavors gave an instructive and inspiring

program at the regular church hour on Sunday evening, Feb. 3. A collection was taken in interest of the Lancaster Mission.

Have we just passed a fortnight of football weather? At least there were many touch-downs and the sweaters,—yes, that is the style now, but not long since it was a breach of etiquette for the boys to wear them.

The fourth entertainment of the lecture course given by Dr. G. A. Gearhart, on "The Coming Man," did not fall below the standard, but only confirms our statement that the course thus far has given entire satisfaction.

On Saturday evening, Feb. 2, the pupils of Davis Conservatory of Music, under the direction of Professors Meyer and Newman, rendered a very interesting program to their many friends of the college, town, and community.

Coasting and sleighing parties were the chief attractions for the week beginning Jan. 27. The Academics, by scores, with jolly yells and jingling bells, set the pace toward Worthington. The Shaw club caught the spirit and

soon, under the direction of Manager Bennert, rallied her forces, and with the greatest caution, as fleet as the wind and silent as the mighty deep, they too without the loss of a single life reached Worthington.

President Sanders has supplied us with a new song book, presented by the author, for chapel service. The book is edited by E. C. Avis, of Chicago, and contains a fine collection of new songs, and most fitting for such services.

The lecture of Feb. 8th given by H. Spillman Riggs was well attended and much appreciated by a good number of his hearers. We feel safe in saying that the best is yet to come, and hope that everyone that possibly can attend, will take advantage of hearing the C. M. Parker Concert Company.

For a number of years Otterbein has felt the need of a college Annual. There is now a movement on foot to publish an annual, which will be a handsomely cloth bound volume consisting of about 125 pages. This

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It gives us great pleasure to quote a few lines from a recent number of the Postgraduate of Wooster, Ohio: "Prof. Gustav Meyer, Ph. D., '99, of Westerville, has received much

favorable notice for his thesis on German Dialects. One of the most prized is an autograph letter of commendation coupled with suggestions for further investigations, from the great philologist, Dr. Max Mueller. It was written but a week or two before his death. Dr. Meyer continues in his post of great usefulness in Otterbein University." We are also glad to say that Prof. Meyer, by a unanimous vote of the faculty and prudential committee, has been granted the new chair of Comparative Philology in the University. This work will be carried on in connection with his professorship in music. The work will be outlined and explained in our next catalogue.

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RATES TO STUDENTS.

not only among the college people, but also among the citizens as well. The following is the schedule as arranged by the athletic board:

Jan. 26	{	Academics vs Freshmen
	{	Sophomores vs Junior
Feb. 2	{	Academics vs Junior
	{	Freshmen vs Senior
Feb. 6	{	Academics vs Sophomore
	{	Junior vs Senior
Feb. 16	{	Freshmen vs Junior
	{	Sophomore vs Senior
Feb. 23	{	Academics vs Senior
	{	Freshmen vs Sophomore

The opening game was between the Freshmen and Academics Jan. 26. The players for the Academics were: Dellar, Hughes, T., Lloyd, C. McLeod, Leshner. For Freshmen: Bookman, Boring, Long, Judy, Wilson. The game was very interesting, although the score does not indicate this, the pluck of the Freshmen kept up the interest. The Academics had many things in their favor, especially strength and size of players, and the advantage of much practice for development of team work. Score: Freshmen, 8; Academics, 39.

A very interesting and exciting game of basket ball was played on Friday p. m., Feb. 1, between the college ladies' team and the Columbus girls' school. This was the best attended game we have ever witnessed. The game was one-sided from beginning to end, as far as the score indicates, for fate seemed to be against our girls. Our team outweighed the visitors, but lack of practice and team work lost the game for them. Yet, with all these

misfortunes and loss of the game we are quite proud of our ladies' team. Columbus 10; O. U., 1.

The Juniors failed to fulfill the engagement for Jan. 26 but appeared on Feb. 2, and made a good showing against the Academics. Score: Academics, 25; Juniors, 0. The next game of Feb. 2 was a fierce and hard fought contest between Seniors and Freshmen. Very rude and unfair tactics were the objectionable features of this game. We think the officials should have exercised more authority, as anything of this nature only causes a lack of interest for the spectator. Why not play a clean game? Is it not better to go down in defeat in a game properly played than in one of unfair means? Seniors, 23; Freshmen, 4.

The cleanest, prettiest, most interesting, and enjoyable game up to this time, was between the Academics and Sophomores on Saturday, Feb. 9. The Academics thought they had everything their own way, but after a

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few minutes to their surprise and disgust, they found they were up against the real team. Fifteen minute halves were played and in the first half neither scored. In the second half the Academics had better luck, if there is such a thing, pitching one goal and scoring one from a foul. Score: Sophomores, 0; Academics, 3.

WISE OR OTHERWISE.

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NEW TELEPHONE.

Advantage or disadvantage, which? Shirey, at club room telephone just after dinner, talking to a new student (lady). Central is not in, but Shirey carries on the conversation to the interest of the ladies of the club.

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Shirey—"Say, Dr., is Miss L—— at home?"

Shirey—"She is?" "Hello Miss L——."

Shirey—"Yes, you know me, I met you in chapel this morning. Don't you remember that little blackheaded boy?"

Shirey—"Well say, I would be pleased to call on you some evening."

Shirey—"What! You don't expect to have company this term?"

Shirey—"Oh is that so; I'm very sorry. Good bye."

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9.30	6.30	9.30	6.30
10.30	7.30	10.30	7.30
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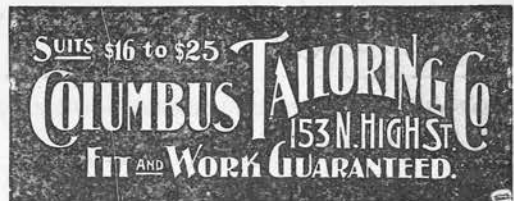
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